

That's The Devil's Work

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That's The Devil's Work

by [dylan69](#)

Summary

“Hannibal, I want you to watch Le Chiffre fuck me. Although, I won’t force you to. If you want to leave, say so, and I’ll have one of the guards throw you out. It’ll be the last time either of us see each other. Do you understand?” Will said.

Hannibal clenched his teeth, eyes glued to Will form. He nodded.

After two years of waiting for his omega in Italy, Hannibal decides to take a trip to Monaco. There, he finds that Will has a new paramour, the wealthy banker, Le Chiffre.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Hannibal gripped his wine glass as he hit the refresh button on his tablet.

The Tattlecrime homepage loaded, but stayed the exact same.

The glass shattered in the alpha's hand, sending wine and blood flying everywhere.

Hannibal had run to Italy two years ago to the day, yet there was nothing. Everyday Hannibal waited for his omega to come for him, but Will was still absent. His injuries would have healed long ago, so the omega had no reason to have not found Hannibal by now.

Tattlecrime had kept consistent updates on the Ripper case until everything went cold. The imbeciles at the FBI could never pick up on Hannibal's clues.

Will was the only one who could keep up with Hannibal and his superior intellect. Yet, the omega was completely absent.

There had been a handful of stories about Will's gutting and his recovery, including one nauseating article that included revealing images of his omega and his wound. But, after Will was released from the hospital, he disappeared from the world.

No news stories, no new cases closed, nothing. Hannibal had found a listing for Will's house online fifteen months ago, but that was it.

It was as if Will was *ignoring* him.

Impossible, entirely impossible, Hannibal thought.

Will was coming, he had to be coming.

Bedelia looked over, setting down her book. She glanced at his tablet screen, "Looking for your green light at the other side of the ocean?"

Hannibal picked the glass out of his palm, frustration building. Bedelia assumed that because Hannibal had taken her to Italy and kept her around for so long that she was allowed to insult him.

He said nothing, letting the shards of glass hit the table.

The alpha woman continued, "I was considering taking a trip down to Monaco. We've been in Italy for so long."

"We're in Italy for a reason."

"Your twitchy little toy isn't coming."

Fury boiled under Hannibal's mask. How dare she say Will didn't want him, he thought. The omega yearned for Hannibal, he needed the alpha. Hannibal had more than enough of this foolish teasing.

The alpha man lunged forward, grabbing Bedelia and slamming her into the table. She fought his hold, her previous cold demeanor shattering to reveal pure fear.

Hannibal snapped her neck and let her corpse slump to the ground.

He wiped the blood off his hand and took a sip of Bedelia's wine.

A trip to Monaco might be a good idea after all. Hannibal could leave a gift for Will, a hint to Hannibal's true location, adding another step to their dance.

Hannibal packed up his belongings and destroyed what he couldn't take. Everything he was bringing could fit into one suitcase. He could purchase a new wardrobe in Monaco.

The alpha twisted Bedelia's remains into an origami heart, and left Italy.

The alpha arrived in the small country after a day of travel via train. It was a lovely little place, although it didn't excite the same feelings in Hannibal as Italy or France did. Hannibal decided that he'd take his omega to his favorite spots in Europe once they were reunited.

Hannibal planned out his and Will's honeymoon in his head before a scent caught in his nose.

Hannibal turned, following it before his mind caught up. That scent haunted both Hannibal's dreams and his every waking minute.

Will.

The alpha stared at a curly head of hair. Hannibal's stomach swooped, his omega had come. All it took was a little change in location and he was there, trailing Hannibal like a lost puppy. Will's dependency on his alpha was adorable.

Hannibal blinked as he realized that Will was flanked by two large alphas, each holding five leads that connected to a mismatched pack of dogs. Will was holding two the leashes of two muscular, well groomed doberman pinschers. Hannibal wondered if the alphas were FBI escorts. But why would Will bring his dogs?

The omega was wearing a large, fluffy, black fur coat that brushes the back of his calves, while the alphas wore black suits. An interesting look, Hannibal thought, rather odd for the omega who normally dressed in clothing found at Bass Pro Shop.

Hannibal began to follow his omega. With the FBI escorts, Hannibal couldn't approach him openly. He'd just need to convince Will to shake the guards.

The alpha crept behind Will, watching him move through the city, before heading into an exorbitant hotel.

Hannibal considered the building. It was far too expensive for the FBI to pay for. Will might have been investigating the hotel logs to see if Hannibal had stayed there, he thought.

Yet, instead of talking to the concierge, Will and the two alphas walked straight to the elevator and headed up. Several guests in black suits and the majority of the staff greeted the three.

Hannibal entered, confident and curious, following his omega. He made it halfway through the lobby before realizing it was likely a poor idea. Being in a confined space with the alphas and Will would only prompt a fight.

He turned, gesturing to an employee, "Do you know those men?"

The alpha woman nodded, "Of course I do." She looked around, then paused, "Did you follow the omega with the fur coat in? He tends to attract admirers when he walks through town. I'd be careful, pursuing him is more trouble than you'd want."

Hannibal glared at her, Will was worth every inch of trouble and more.

"He's Le Chiffre's, so it's best not to try." She continued, abashed.

"Le Chiffre?" Hannibal knew of the other man, he was a banker who funded multiple illegal organizations and ran a crime syndicate of his own. The alpha had no idea what he was doing with Will.

"The world class poker champion. He's staying in the presidential suite for a competition."

Hannibal huffed, wondering what game Will was playing. He must have been using an investigation into some sub-par gambling ring as a cover to search for Hannibal. If Will had joined Interpol, he would have been able to hunt down Hannibal anywhere in the world. His omega was obsessed with him.

The alpha walked up to the concierge and booked the room closest to the presidential sweet. He'd stay near Will, giving him the perfect opportunity to pursue his alpha.

Hannibal gave his belongings to the bellboy to take, after retrieving his key. He then entered the elevator and headed to his room.

He gazed down the hallway, catching sight of the two alphas in black suits standing in front of a door Hannibal unlocked the room next to them and found his bag already inside.

The alpha settled in, appreciating the lavish room. Although, it would look far better with his omega laid out on the bed. Hannibal smiling, thinking about how sweet and bloody their reunion would be. Will would be devastated that Hannibal had left him, his fragile, omegan constitution shattered. Will had been left bereft, clutching for guidance.

Hannibal did hate to be mean to his pet, but Will needed to understand that turning his alpha into the FBI wouldn't be tolerated.

Will would cling to Hannibal's side, cry and beg for the alpha to stay with him forever, and Hannibal would gladly agree.

Or, Will might react with violence. He could sublimate his need for Hannibal into rage. Will may pound Hannibal's chest, sobbing and shaking with fury. Hannibal would hold the omega down, force comfort into him, and bend him to his alpha's will.

Hannibal heard a door close outside his sweet. The alpha stood up and pressed his head to the wall, hoping to overhear his omega. He assumed Will would be feverishly discussing Hannibal, planning the perfect way to ensnare the alpha.

Something collided with the wall near Hannibal's ear, creating a loud thump sound. He heard a low, long moan.

Did Will hurt himself? The omega might have dropped something on his foot, causing the thump and the pained noises.

"M-more please." Hannibal's omega whimpered.

Hannibal's face froze, revulsion rising in his core. Will wasn't injured.

More moans poured from the other room. Will wasn't injured at all.

His omega was having intercourse with someone else, someone who wasn't Hannibal. The alpha growled, disgusted by the idea that his omega would feel the need to seek out pleasure from another body.

Hannibal's cock grew hard in his slacks. He palmed himself through his pants, turned on but unwilling to masturbate to the sound of his omega getting fucked by a lesser being.

The alpha walked away, deciding to unpack his clothes instead. Yet, once Hannibal queued into the noise, he couldn't stop hearing the moans, whines, and thumping sounds from the other room.

Three painful hours passed before the racket quieted down.

Hannibal comforted himself by thinking that he wouldn't need three hours to make Will cum. The only reason the occupants of the other room took so long was because Will had an inferior partner.

The next day, Hannibal heard someone open the door on the sweet next to him. He peered through the peephole on his door and watched a tall man with silver hair and two different color eyes walk past.

Must be Le Chiffre, Hannibal assumed. The beta man was nothing compared to Hannibal, a thoroughbred alpha.

He waited until the first man left, staying in the room until Will headed outside. He opened the door at the perfect time to catch the omega leaving.

Will looked at Hannibal, froze, then turned on his heel, the two alphas from earlier following. The alpha strode after him, wondering why his omega was leaving him. Will must have been taking them to a more secluded location.

The alpha followed the omega down the hallway before Will spoke up, "Stop following me."

Will must be trying to throw the guards, Hannibal assumed, stepping closer to Will's back. The alpha guards tightened around the omega.

The alpha reached and grabbed Will's shoulder, before the two guards slammed Hannibal into the wall.

"Keep your hands off me." Will snapped, recoiling. He stared at Hannibal, recognition clear across his face, "I don't know what you want, but leave me alone."

Hannibal reached towards Will, then the guards pushed him back.

"Will." The alpha said, frustration growing at how he was being treated.

"I'm giving you one last chance, even though you don't deserve it. I know you've been following me. Leave." Will said, clutching his arm to his chest.

Hannibal pushed against the guards, trying to get to his omega. Will was his, it was his right to take what he wanted.

"Fine then, be like that." Will said, determination grinding down on his features. He snapped his fingers and the hands on Hannibal tightened, "Take him out."

Hannibal felt something pinch the back of his neck, and the world faded to black.

Hannibal woke up slowly, blinking into awareness. Tight rope surrounded Hannibal's chest, pinning his arms down. His wrists were tied together, as were his ankles. The alpha sat in a flimsy metal chair, in a dark warehouse.

The only light was a singular, bald bulb lightly swinging above Hannibal. The two alphas flanked Hannibal's chair, while Will sat in a plush seat in front of him. The omega sipped a glass of ruby red wine.

Will lounged, his legs thrown over one of the arm rests. He sipped his wine, "Is he awake?"

One of the alpha guards nodded. Hannibal tested the bonds on his arms and found them unbreakable.

Will gestured with his wine glass in the air and the alpha on the right punched Hannibal on the side of his head.

Hannibal stared at the omega, his vision swimming. Will glanced over at him, fury coating his features. He looked like a god, lounging while his underlings beat Hannibal.

One of the body guards punched Hannibal in his stomach, causing him to let out a grunt that slowly changed into a moan.

“Are you really turned on by this? You disgust me.” Will glared at the man, cradling his wine. He took a long sip, then announced, “Stop it.”

The omega stood as the two burly men stepped back.

Will took a long draught of his wine before he drew back his hand and slapped Hannibal across his face. Hannibal’s cock hardened in his slacks as he turned back to Will.

“Hannibal Lecter, The Chesapeake Ripper, is a complete pain pig. I can’t believe you, you’re turned on.”

Hannibal felt precum soak his underwear as hate coated Will.

“Tell me, is it the pain that turns you on, or the fact that I’m the one causing it?”

When Hannibal opened his mouth to reply, Will spit his wine at the alpha’s face.

Hannibal’s cock twitched.

“Bastard.” Will said, furious, “It’s not just the pain, it’s because you caused me to do it. You love to see your effect on me, the violence you prompted me into.” He looked to one of the body guards behind him, “Bring him to the master suite.”

Hannibal glanced at the omega and then felt a fist collide with the back of his head as everything faded to black.

When Hannibal came to his senses again, he found himself kneeling on a hardwood floor. Someone was holding him up by his hair, but Hannibal couldn’t turn to look. He was still bound and tied, muscles burning from strain.

He knelt a few feet from the end of a large, expensive king bed. Sprawled out on the bed, wearing nothing but a pair of blood red panties, was Will, still sipping his wine.

“He’s awake now, Jean, you can release him.” Will said, barely looking at the men in front of him.

Hannibal’s knees buckled as the man, Jean, released him. Jean crawled up on the bed, sitting next to Will’s head.

Hannibal’s shoulders tensed as he realized the man was Le Chiffre, the infamous gambler and crime lord, dressed in nothing but a pair of white briefs.

Le Chiffre bent over and pressed a kiss to Will's forehead, then took his wine glass. He had a sip then set it on the side table.

Hannibal stared at his omega, eyes skittering over his bare, smooth stomach.

"Looking for your mark?" Will asked, not waiting for a response, "You'd be amazed what a good plastic surgeon can do, especially when you've got so much money." He squeezed Le Chiffre's thigh, "It's gone, long gone."

Hannibal stiffened, an emotion similar to grief blossoming in him.

"Hannibal, I want you to watch Le Chiffre fuck me. Although, I won't force you to. If you want to leave, say so, and I'll have one of the guards throw you out. It'll be the last time either of us see each other. Do you understand?" Will said.

Hannibal clenched his teeth, eyes glued to Will form. He nodded.

Will craned his neck back, "I asked you a question, I want a verbal answer."

"I consent. I want to be here." Hannibal said.

Will smiled and pulled down Le Chiffre's underwear, freeing his hard cock. Hannibal preened for a second, realizing that his own dick was larger.

The omega leaned forward and suckled on the banker's cock, moaning around it. Will placed his hands on Le Chiffre's hips and bent over him, head bobbing up and down.

Hannibal felt his mouth water. He squirmed, trying to get a better look at Will as he blew the other man.

Will pulled himself off, turning his head to stare down Hannibal. A strand of precum stretched from the head of Le Chiffre's cock to Will's bottom lip.

"I'm sure you've noticed that his cock is smaller than yours, Hannibal." Le Chiffre shivered as Will spoke.

"But I love it," Will continued, petting the length with two fingers, "Because it's the largest cock that will ever be inside of me. He's fucked me so many times he knows exactly how to do it. Jean knows how I like it best, he knows the perfect angle to hit my prostate, the exact speed I like it at."

Hannibal seethed, burning up with jealousy. The idea that a mere beta was the one bringing pleasure to his Will was revolting.

"I want to take you in the proper breeding position." Le Chiffre said.

Will complied easily, rolling onto his forearms. He tilted his hips backwards, arching his back. The omega looked back and wiggled his ass, enticingly.

“See how easily he controls me, how willing I am to let him dominate me? You and I never had that. We fought constantly, because I never saw you as a real man. I’ve been taking fertility enhancing drugs for the past few weeks.” Will’s breath caught as the beta man began to finger him. “Normally, Jean wears a condom, but I want you to watch me get knocked up.”

Le Chiffre pushed his dick into the omega’s hole. He went in raw and Hannibal struggled against his bonds. He couldn’t let his omega be used as a cum rag by an inferior beta. He was the only one who deserved to cum inside Will.

Will leaned back and placed a hand on Le Chiffre’s stomach, keeping him in place, “Hannibal, do you want to leave?”

“No-“

Will cut him off, “The sit still and watch. You’re here because I’m kind enough to allow an audience, just once. Shut up and sit down.”

Hannibal glared, but obeyed.

Le Chiffre grabbed Will’s hips and slid in, grunting. He paused when fully seated, panting.

Will froze, “Do you need your inhaler?”

Le Chiffre shook his head, “Just a moment to catch my breath.”

Will nodded, smiling up at him. The omega kissed the beta on his cheekbones, soft. This hurt more than anything. Hannibal could stomach Will fucking another man, while it was unpleasant, it was just an opportunity to do better. The alpha could fuck Will faster, harder, and deeper than any other. But, the tenderness the couple currently displayed made Hannibal ache.

The nearly wordless communication, the clear familiarity, left a gap between Hannibal’s lungs.

After a moment, Le Chiffre began to move back and forth once more. Will’s head fell forward, moaning, as he bucked onto the hard cock.

The two bodies moved in near perfect unison, Will whimpering and sweating, until Le Chiffre buried himself to the hilt and leaned forward, grabbing the omega’s throat. Will moaned, “I can feel your cum pooling on my cervix.”

“I think it’s going to take, my love.” Le Chiffre responded, grinding on Will’s ass. Hannibal lusted after him, watching the plump flesh yield to the beta’s hip bones.

Hannibal was a superior alpha, he could have anyone at any time. He was the most eligible, desirable bachelor in Baltimore, and he knew how jealous people were when they saw him with Bedelia. Yet, here he was, tied up, watching his omega get fucked by an inferior beta.

He growled as Will pressed his face into the pillow as he came, cum splattering the bed below him, the beta’s hand tight around his neck.

Le Chiffre pulled out, leaving Will's hole gaping, a singular drop of cum rolling out of him. The beta picked up a large, steel plug from the bedside table and pressed it into Will.

The beta kissed Will's head, gently flipping him over and rubbing his belly, "You will carry our children so well."

Will smiled and purred under the attention.

Hannibal was furious, rage and agony suffocating him. He wanted Will so badly. The shame of having to see what was his get taken combined with the sheer desire of watching a fertile omega he loved get bred caught in Hannibal's throat.

He growled as he popped his knot, cum dripping onto the hardwood. His knot was cold and abandoned, he couldn't even touch it to give him some relief. Without the continuous stimulation of a warm, wet hole, his knot locked up, keeping him from finishing his orgasm.

The alpha panted as a few drops of cum escaped him.

Will stood up, legs shaking under his weight. Le Chiffre grabbed the omega's limbs, holding him up as he walked towards Hannibal. The alpha was at eye level with the omega's chubby, cum splattered thighs and limp cock.

Will grabbed Hannibal by his hair, "I can't believe you. I do all of this, I invite you into my home, I let you watch Jean and I make love, yet you leave a pathetic mess. I thought you hated rudeness." He pushed the alpha's head down, "Look at this, there's barely anything here. You call yourself a prime alpha, yet you can only cum a few drops. I'm so happy I picked someone who can fill me the right way when he breeds me."

Will shoved Hannibal, causing him to fall forward, slamming into the floor. His nose crunched and began to bleed. The omega crouched down next to him and lifted Hannibal's head with his hair again.

"Lick it up."

Hannibal didn't move.

"You make a mess," Will continued, "clean it up."

Hannibal slowly extended his tongue, humiliation boiling in him.

"Move faster." Will said, tone icy cold.

Hannibal licked up more of his release. As he moved more blood leaked from his nose. Will moved the alpha's head to follow the liquid.

After the cum was gone, Will made Hannibal lick the blood off the floor for ten minutes, until his nose stopped dripping.

He left Hannibal on the floor, then gestured to Le Chiffre to roll the alpha over. Hannibal laid on his back, ropes chafing against his skin.

Will sat on the edge of the bed as Le Chiffre headed to the en-suite bathroom.

“Your revenge is a beautiful thing.” Hannibal said, knot still hard.

“I haven’t gotten it yet.” Will said, looking down his nose. Hannibal looked up at him, questioning.

Will stood up, bracing himself on the bed and stood over Hannibal, the back of his feet touching Hannibal’s shoulders. A drop of cum hit Hannibal on the bridge of his nose. “My reckoning is the truth. I was lying earlier, when I said that you affected and guided my life. Sure, I headed to Europe to find you at first, but after I met Jean, I stopped thinking about you immediately. You’re nothing to me. I don’t hate you or love you or feel anything about you. Jean doesn’t even know you, I haven’t told him anything because, at most, you’re a mistake I made years ago that I barely think about.”

Something in Hannibal’s chest shattered, causing an ache deep in him. Tears, small and nearly imperceptible, began to build in his eyes.

“Do you know why I haven’t turned you into Interpol? It’s because I don’t want to be bothered with you long enough to deal with the required paperwork.” Will sighed, “But, I don’t want you to think me cruel. I don’t want you to misinterpret my actions as those of spite rather than total indifference, so I have a gift for you.”

The omega grabbed his used panties off the bed and released them, falling onto Hannibal’s face.

“You can keep these for when you want to sit alone in your big house, jacking off to the thought of me.” The omega leaned down and kissed Hannibal, sheer, slick coated fabric separating their lips.

Will began to walk towards the bathroom when Hannibal spoke up, “I’m sorry.”

Will froze. “Groveling won’t make me change my mind.”

“I’m sorry, Will. I threw away everything out of curiosity. I should never have hurt you. It wasn’t worth it.”

“You killed Abigail, you threw me in prison.”

“I did it to entice you to my side, to the darkness inside of you.”

“I don’t need to be changed.”

“You don’t. It was my most grievous mistake.” Tears grew and were absorbed by the panties.

Will drew his shoulders tight to his ears. Le Chiffre walked back into the room, they made eye contact, and Will crumbled.

“Jean...” He said, tone tired and tinged with want.

Hannibal wiggled his nose, moving the panties enough to see the beta.

Le Chiffre stepped over Hannibal and held the omega in his arms, cradling the smaller man. They pressed their lips together, before the beta nodded, "If you want it, it's yours."

Will laughed, head falling to rest on the beta's collarbones, "I love you, a lot."

The omega turned to Hannibal, still in Le Chiffre's arms, "You can stay. There are going to be rules, a lot of rules, but provided you can obey, you can stay."

Le Chiffre lifted the panties, revealing the alpha's tear stained face. His hair was disheveled and his cheeks flushed as he cried, the fear of losing his Will too great.

"Yes, Will, I'll do anything, please."

The beta untied Hannibal at Will's command. The alpha surged forward, grabbing the omega, pressing their chests together. He nuzzled Will's scent gland, breathing him in. Tears ran down Will's shoulder as Hannibal broke down, sobbing.

Will hesitated before stroking the alpha's back, "Up on the bed."

Hannibal followed the command, parting from Will. Le Chiffre was pressed to the omega's back, holding him around the waist.

Will petted Hannibal's hair and gripped his cock. He pumped up and down, giving a singular squeeze to the alpha's engorged knot, and Hannibal came. The warmth of the omega's fist allowed the alpha to completely finish.

The omega lifted his dirty hand and licked it. His eyes fell closed as he savored the taste.

"I already sent someone to purchase a set of leashes and collars." Le Chiffre said.

Will smiled, "Thank you," He looked at Hannibal, smile turning to a smirk as he wrapped his hands around the alpha's neck, "I've been looking forward to getting a new dog."

End Notes

lets gooooo. i rewatched season 2 and i needed hannibal to get his proper revenge. AND he deserves good dick.

comments and kudos mean the world! :-D

title from going to monaco by the mountain goats. i think i am so funny

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